THE BEE.

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FOR THE LOVERS OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FOUND IN OUR EXCHANGES.

No Fire Needed—A Great State—She Laughed Too Soon—His Last Song—Verified—Supposing He Had.

"Don't they have any fire in this car?" asked a passenger of a drummer.

"They never do," replied the drummer.

"How is that?"

"Why, because this is such a slow road that when a man feels cold he is supposed to get out and walk along beside the train for several miles to get his blood in circulation."—*Puck.*

A Great State.

Several gentlemen from different States were discussing the merits of their particular homes.

"Kansas is a great State. We raise sixty bushels of corn," said a man from Kansas, "and 200 bushels of potatoes to the acre."

"But have you Kansas people any market for your produce?" asked a man from Connecticut.

"Certainly they have," responded an envious Texan, "they raise enough grasshoppers and potato bugs to eat up ten times the corn and potatoes they can raise."—*Siftings.*

His Last Song.

This is a story of George D. Prentice, which I never saw in print and which is a better illustration of his ready wit, than anything else he said, I think. The old *Journal* office used to be the stamping ground of many Southern men, more or less known, who liked to hear the veteran journalist tell a story or warm up a presumptuous young man for lunch. Among those who frequented the *Journal* office was Will S. Hays, the song writer.

Coming into Mr. Prentice's office one day in that free and easy way of his, he sat down in one chair, with his feet on another, and jamming his hat on the back of his head, said, without consulting Mr. Prentice's leisure:

"Seen my last song, George?"

Mr. Prentice ceased writing, sighed heavily and looking up sadly and reproachfully at the young man, said:

"I hope so, Biliy."—*Bill Nye, in Free Press.*

She Laughed Too Soon.

A woman stood at the front gate watching her neighbor's dog coming down the street with a kettle tied to his tail. It amused her vastly.

Presently the owner of the dog scurried by in hot pursuit, whereupon the woman at the gate laughed a gleeful, unneighborly laugh.

Then a little boy rounded the corner with a bright, innocent look upon his face, as who should say: "I—am—on—an—errand—for—my—dear—ma—so—don't—detain—me."

He stopped and said to the woman at the gate:

"What are you laughin' at?"

She replied with hilarity: "I'm laughin' at old Bullrag's dog with a kettle tied to his tail."

"It's awful funny, ain't it?" the little boy said, as he hurried on. "The kettle is yourn."

Then the woman at the gate suddenly stopped laughing.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Verified.

There was a Granger convention somewhere near the line between Indiana and Ohio, and, as a matter of course, a little bragging was done by various farmers as to what each State produced. Among those who bragged was Farmer Johnson, from Miami Reserve, in Ohio, and who, by the way, is somewhat notorious for telling large and wonderful stories. During the course of his remarks, he said:

"There is a farmer living on the Miami Reserve who annually manufactures one million pounds of butter, and over two million pounds of cheese."

This caused great sensation and some laughter by way of derision, as much as to say the crowd did not swallow all of Farmer Johnson's story. He took fire at once, and appealed to Farmer Jones, of Ohio, to verify his assertion by giving the name of that great butter and cheese maker as Deacon Brown.

Farmer Jones slowly arose, and, in a drawling, farmer-like twang, said:

"I know Deacon Brown makes a good deal of butter and cheese—I do not know the exact number of pounds—but this I do know—he runs seventeen saw-mills with the butter-milk."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Supposing He Had.

On a Bay City train coming into Detroit the other day was a great big hulk of a fellow with a voice deep enough to shake the foundations of a house, and a disposition to eat somebody up. He got into trouble with three or four different men in the smoking car, all of whom left it to avoid trouble. This encouraged the man in the belief that he could run the whole train, and he was observing that he had come down from the lumber camps to sniff the fresh air and start a graveyard or two, when a brakeman who had caught on quietly took a seat beside him.

"Stranger," said the overgrown chap as he limbered up his arms, "are you prepared to die?"

The brakeman acknowledged that he wasn't.

"Say! how would you like to step out on the platform at the next station and stand before me fur two minits?"

The brakeman rather liked the idea.

"You will, eh? Say! Jist feel o' that! Then smell of it!"

"Don't rub my nose like that again, sir!" warned the railroader.

"Why not!"

"Because you might get hurt!"

He had scarcely spoken when the big fist rubbed itself against his nasal organ, but something more than words followed. In about a New Jersey second he had the big man by the throat and jammed into a corner, and there he held him until the man who wanted to go into the graveyard business turned the color of a horse-plum, exhibited all the tongue he had, and made signals that he would even sell his shirt to bring about an amicable settlement of affairs.

"Got enough?" asked the brakeman.

"Y-you bet!"

"Will you keep quiet?"

"Y-yes!"

With that he was released, and for a long ten minutes he had nothing to say. Then a sickly smile crossed his face and he leaned over to the man in the seat ahead and whispered:

"He was the man I wanted to step out before me at the next station."

"Yes."

"Say, stranger," continued the big passenger as he felt of his neck, and sort o' licked his chops—"supposing he had!"

How Oysters Are Caught.

Only two ways of catching oysters are practiced in Maryland, namely, "dredging" and "tonging." Dredges are bags made of iron rings linked together, forming meshes similar to those of an ordnary seine, the mouth being held open by an iron frame, from the four corners of which project four iron bars converging to a point at a distance of a few feet from the mouth; to this point a small chain is attached, and joined to the chain is a long rope, which winds around a windlass on board of the oyster vessel. Projecting downward from the bar attached to the lower edge of the mouth are iron teeth, which, as the dredge is drawn over the bottom, scrape up the oysters and guide them into the bag. Every vessel is supplied with two dredges and two windlasses, the latter so arranged that each is worked by four men at the same time. When the boat reaches dredging ground the dregdes are thrown overboard and the vessel continues on her course until it is supposed that the dredge, which usually holds two or three bushels, in full, and then it is hauled up, and its contents, consisting of oysters, stones, shells, crabs, fish, etc., are emptied on the deck. If the vessel has passed across the bar, she tacks and recrosses the ground, and continues sailing over the same bar for hours.

If dredging is done in the daytime the oysters are at once "culled," but when working at night it is deferred until morning. "Culling" consists in separating the oysters from the other things brought up by the dredge and throwing the latter overboard, while the former are placed in the hold of the vessel. In this manner the work continues until the vessel is loaded, when she at once proceeds to market. A trip will generally take about twelve or thirteen days.

"Tonging" is a method of taking oysters extensively practiced. In Maryland it employs fewer men and less capital than dredging, but it is probably of greater value to the State, as the men employed in it are of a better class. The tonging interests of Virginia are far more extensive than the same interests in Maryland.

Something of an idea of the "tonging" may be got by supposing two garden rakes, with very long handles, with the tooth sides of the rakes facing each other; let the handles be secured by a loose rivit two or three feet from the teeth, so that by operating the extreme ends of the handles the whole contrivance shall act as a pair of tongs. The instrument is so constructed that when the tong-handles or "staies" are held perpendicular to the bottom the teeth are at an angle of forty-five degrees, and by working the upper end of the stoles together above the water, at the same time pressing the teeth against the bottom, the oysters are raked together and may be hoisted to the surface and emptied into the boat. Wooden-headed are better than iron-headed tongs, because they dig into the sand less, and are easier to work. Tongs are used of from seven to twenty-four feet in length, and the latter, worked in twenty-one to twenty-two feet of water, require not only considerable skill but a good allowance of strength to handle with success. These tongs are a very ancient contrivance in America, for Charlevoix, in the middle of the seventeenth century, found them on the coast of Acadia.

Tonging necessitates a very great exposure to the cold, but, however, no more severe than dredging. The injury to health is so great that few oyster-men ever reach old age. Nor does oyster-tonging give returns in proportion to the labor expended. The element of chance is a large one. A clear, smooth water permits the gathering in one day of what may not be realized by a week's exertion in tempestuous weather. On some of the shoals in the James river it would be impossible to find a space as large as a pair of tongs will cover without oysters on it.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Juice of the Sapota Tree.

In the basement of a substantial four-story brick building in Murray street, a New York *Times* reporter was shown a great heap of what seemed to be broken pieces of putty. Barrels and boxes around the room were filled with the substance. "That," said the proprietor of the establishment, "is chicle. It is the dried juice of the sapota tree, of Mexico. Seventeen years ago, when General Santa Anna was in this country, his secretary had with him a piece of this chicle. I saw the stuff and believed I could use it as a substitute for caoutchouc or India rubber. I spent $30,000 trying to vulcanize it, and then gave it up. Meanwhile, I had learned that the natives chewed the gum. I concluded that I would begin the manufacture of chewing-gum. We have built up a large business—probably the largest of its kind in the world. We called the manufactured article 'rubber chewing-gum,' or rather that name was promptly given it as soon as we put it on the market. It won't wear out like spruce or paraffine gum. It tastes like rubber, and to people who want to chew gum it is just as satisfactory as any other kind. A great many persons chew gum—adults as well as children. We import 200,000 pounds of chicle every year."

"How is the gum made?"

"It is a simple process. The chicle is thoroughly steamed, so that all the impurities are worked out of it. Then, when in a semi-liquid state, it is run into the molds."

"Then rubber chewing-gum is pure chicle and nothing more?"

"Nothing more. We put up a kind which we recommend for colds. That contains a little licorice. When that is extracted pure chicle alone remains."

A Great Deal in Her.

"I don't see how you can endure that Pliffy girl, Jack!" said his sister. "I'm sure there's nothing in her."

"Nothing in her, indeed! I just wish you'd been with us to supper after the theatre to night," and he dropped a tear over his buried salary.—*San Francisco Post.*

Georgia farmers suffered a loss by dogs last year of 50,000 sheep.

MANY LIVES LOST.

Wreck of an Ocean Steamship off Halifax, N. S.

Only Nine Out of One Hundred and Thirty Reported Saved.

During a dense fog the Belgian steamer Daniel Steinmann, from Antwerp for Halifax and New York, struck the rocks off Sambro island, north of Halifax harbor, at 10 o'clock at night, and sank in deep water. There were ninety-six passengers and thirty-four men in the crew. Of these the captain, five sailors and three passengers were saved. Seventy-six passengers were bound to New York.

Sambro island is three and a half miles from Sambro village, near the scene of the wreck of the ill-fated Atlantic, eleven years ago. There is a lighthouse on the island. All around are rocks and shoals.

The Daniel Steinmann left Antwerp on March 20, under the command of Captain Van Schoonhoven. She carried a cargo of telegraph wire and general merchandise. Her crew numbered thirty-six men, all told. She carried in the steerage ninety-four passengers, all Germans, twenty of whom were to land at Halifax and the rest in New York. She was also to land 300 tons of freight at Halifax. The steamer was reported at St. Catharine's point, near Antwerp, two days after leaving. The next thing heard of her was when the light keeper on Sambro island heard her whistle as she was going down. A few rockets were seen from the shore, but a storm prevented anyone from going to her rescue.

Seven souls came ashore somehow in the night, and were safely landed through the surf. They reported that some of the crew were clinging to the rigging, part of which was above water. During the night the weather continued too rough to permit any one to go to the assistance of the men on the wreck, although it was only 200 yards away, but at daylight a fisherman named Gilkie launched a flatboat and brought off Captain Van Schoonhoven and a boy who had been secured in the rigging by the captain. These two were the only ones left in the rigging.

The survivors all remained temporarily on Sambro island, twenty miles from Halifax. The weather had been so rough and the fog so thick that no one could pass either to or from Sambro island to the main shore. It was not until afternoon that word was received here that a disaster had occurred, and then it came by signal from the island, the only means of communication in rough weather.

The Daniel Steinmann belonged to Steinmann & Ludwig, the managing owners of the White Cross line. She was 277 feet long, thirty-four feet beam, and twenty-five feet deep. She was built of iron, had two decks and five bulkheads. She was brigantine rigged. She was called a twenty-day boat between Antwerp and New York. She was worth about $100,000 and was fully insured. She was bringing nearly 2,000 tons of freight to New York. She was fitted to carry several hundred steerage passengers, but her cabin accommodations were limited to fifteen or twenty.

Statements of Survivors.

Captain Henry Schoonhaven, the only surviving officer of the wrecked steamer, Daniel Steinmann, says that the weather had been rough and foggy for several days. He had been on the bridge all Tuesday and Wednesday nights. On Thursday evening there was considerable fog, with occasional heavy rain and brilliant flashes of lightning; not much wind, but a heavy sea on. The captain then continued:

"At 6 o'clock I saw what I thought was Chebucto headlight. By dead reckoning and sounding I bore west, one-half south, by compass, and I judge was twenty-five miles distant. I steamed ahead dead slow, steering west, one-half south, and taking soundings every hour. At 9:20 I saw through the mist a faint light, located two points on the starboard bow. It disappeared only at intervals. Still thinking that it was Chebucto light I kept the ship on her course, soundings giving thirty fathoms. Between ten and twenty minutes later I discovered that it was a fixed light at Sambro, now appearing clear, and at the same time making out a faint glimmer of what I took to be Chebucto light about four points on our starboard bow. Soundings then gave twenty-six fathoms. I was going dead slow when the steamer struck lightly on the rocks.

"At that minute I heard the whistle sound for the first time. I ordered the helm hard aport. A minute or so later the vessel struck again heavily. She refused to answer the helm. The rudder and propeller had been carried away. I ordered the crew up and told the first and second mates to launch the boats and get the women and children into them. After striking the second time the ship drifted off into deep water, and I ordered the anchor to be let go. Good order was preserved and the crew were working with a will. At this time the breakers were visible all around. The anchor was let go in twenty-six fathoms, but the ship continued to drift. I rushed down from the bridge and went forward to see if the chain cable had parted.

"Most of the passengers and crew had gone aft or were at the boats. Just then a tremendous wave struck the ship and washed off scores of passengers. The vessel gave tremendous thumps and sank like a flash of lightning. I judge it was then about 10 o'clock. As the ship struck the last time I caught hold of the rigging, but she struck so fast that I let go and rose with the water and finally got on the yard arm which was above the water. I had not been long there when a man swam up to the yard. I clutched him and drew him on the yard. He proved to be a passenger, a young man named Soco Niclo, bound for New York. I divested myself of coat, waistcoat and boots in order that if the worst came I should swim to the shore. But the masts stood secure and we remained in our perilous position seven hours until rescued in one of our own boats.

"At that time I did not know that anybody except myself and the passenger I rescued had been saved. I cannot account for getting so far out of the course except on the following grounds: We had had foggy weather for several days previous to the accident, on the last two of which I had been unable to take observations. Added to this there must have been an exceedingly strong easterly current and my compasses must have been subject to some attraction."

Florentine Van Geissel, who was on the lookout, has been to sea fifteen years, and has been wrecked seven times, the last time at Madeira, while on a passage from Buenos Ayres for Antwerp, when 300 or 400 lives were lost, and he was only one of four who escaped. He told his story of the wreck as follows:

"I went to the lookout at 9 o'clock. It was foggy, and there were rain and lightning, and the wind was blowing a fresh breeze. Previous to this the captain had been aloft himself to look at the light. He would not trust any one else to go aloft on that mission. We were going slow. I saw a light about a quarter of an hour after going on the watch. I reported it to the captain and second mate. They said that they saw it and thought it was a revolving light. At 9:30 I threw lead; it was twenty-six fathoms. Immediately after I heard a fog whistle. The vessel was going slowly and the ship struck lightly. We had stopped several times previous to this, the captain being afraid to go ahead. About fifteen minutes after the first striking the ship again struck heavily, but soon floated again, when the captain called out to us not to get excited, but to get boats ready and call all hands. She struck a third time when we lost the rudder and broke the propellor, it is supposed. We then dropped anchor. At that moment the captain, doctor and chief engineer were on the bridge.

"The boats had been getting ready meanwhile. There were four. They were double lashed, and had not been used for some time. In darkness, excitement and terror slow progress was made. The people were crowding around the boats, and it was impossible to do much. Just as we let go the anchor the ship struck heavily midships. All hands ran aft and many were swept off by the big waves. A number of people were in the life-boat on the port side, and nobody seemed to be in the other three boats. I ran to the second boat on the port side and jumped into it with a seaman, and as the ship was sinking we cut the painter with an axe and let her drop into the sea quickly, shoving off from the sinking ship to get out of the suction. As we were doing this a man jumped from the bridge into the boat head first. He was a passenger. All this occurred within a minute. When the ship went down only one davit fall attached to the life-boat had been cut and this life-boat, which was full of people, mostly sailors, went down with the steamer. As she sank the boatswain, a boy, a coal trimmer, and a fireman leaped from the stern into our boat. We then got out of the suction. The whole of the passengers and crew were struggling in the water.

"We rowed through a struggling mass of humanity. Many of them made a grab for our oars, but we beat them off. One man caugh hold of the boat. We tried to get him aboard, but two or three others were holding on by his legs. We then let him go. He went under, got clear of the others, came up again, and we then got him into the boat. He was an Italian passenger. I heard people in the water calling for me by name to save them. There were twelve holding on to a spar. I kept clear of them. We would have attempted to save them, but the others who appealed to us would undoubtedly have swamped the boat, and we would all have been lost. Those in the boat wanted to try and land on the rocks, but I was in charge of the boat and refused, knowing that to do so would be certain death.

At this time the people on the island were making signals to us by fires and colored lamps, and we were within 400 yards of the island. All this time, we could hear their shouts, but could not understand them. However, we followed the lights and after three hours' battling with the waves, surf and breakers, we followed the signal fires safely around the island to a little cove, where we landed and were taken care of. Everybody was on deck except the chief engineer, who ran down in the engineroom to put on full steam just before the ship sank. I think the captain did his best under the circumstances. I should say that it was fully an hour and a half from the time the ship first got on the rocks until she sank. It is true our boat would have held thirty people or more, but it was half-full of water after we got in it. There was a hole in it, and three of us were kept baling it out with hats and boots. Yes, perhaps fifteen could have been saved in its then condition, but it was every man for himself, and any attempt to save others simply imperiled ourselves."

The stories of other survivors fully corroborate this man's statement, in which all the main facts are embodied. Although a heavy swell prevailed the next morning at least 100 fishermen put off in boats from Sambro village, Ketch Harbor and adjoining settlements to the wreck, and a dozen boats watched for bodies.

By the next day only eleven bodies had been recovered. Three schooners with daring crews were sent to the wreck. The survivors of the wrecked steamer were conveyed to Halifax. The youngest person on board the steamer was an infant three months old. Among those drowned were a young couple who had been married before the steamer sailed, experiencing only eighteen days of married life. Several large families perished all together. One of these was a Swiss family consisting of father, mother and eight children, and another, a Dutch (Holland) family, all out the same size.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

PRINCE BISMARCK has just celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday.

HENRY IRVING, the English actor, is reading proofs of a book of his on America.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER will deliver an oration Decoration Day at the New York academy of music.

PRESIDENT PORTER, of Yale, objects to co-education because the system would divide the time and perhaps the sensibilities and interests of the instructors.

HIS Imperial Highness Prince Haru, the only surviving child of the Emperor of Japan, having almost reached the age of seven years, is having a separate palace built for his occupancy.

KAISER WILLIAM, King George, of Greece, and King Christian, of Denmark, will meet this summer in Wiesbaden, where King George will attend the baths, by advice of his physician.

DR. J. H. ZUKERTORT, who has gained the title of the champion chess-player of the world, now in this country, will visit the principal cities in the United States and then go to China.

JOHN JAY CISCO, who died in New York recently, began life a poor boy, became a tailor, entered the dry goods business and subsequently made large sums of money as a banker. He was one among the many millionaires of Manhattan Island.

SECRETARY LINCOLN resembles his father in personal appearance only from the eyes up. He is not so tall or so gaunt in figure as his father, nor is the lower part of his face so narrow; but the resemblance in the eyes and forehead is so marked that the Secretary sat for what is considered the best portrait ever painted of his father.

DOCTOR RICHARD JORDAN GATLING, the inventor of the famous Gatling gun, is now sixty-six years of age. He is a tall, broad shouldered, white-whiskered man, with a friendly face, bright blue eyes, and a pleasant voice. He has recently been making some great improvements in his gun, and has been in Washington explaining these improvements to the officials of the war department.

TSAO JU, the Chinese minister at Washington, was handed a bit of yellow paper the other day. The printed slip seemed to be an official document, and as the death of imperial persons in China are announced on yellow paper, Mr. Tsao jumped at the conclusion that Mr. Arthur had died suddenly. There was a good deal of excitement in his dwelling until the arrival of his interpreter disclosed the fact that the yellow slip was a gas bill.

MRS. MEIKLEHAM, the only surviving grandchild of Thomas Jefferson, is a tall, well-formed woman, with an open face, rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, looking rather fifty than seventy years of age. Her face is plump and almost free from wrinkles. Her forehead is broad and high, partaking somewhat of the characteristics of her grand father, and her brown hair, the same color as Jefferson's, as yet not greatly mixed with gray, is combed down behind her ears in the good old style of the past.

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Funeral Services of the Queen's Youngest Son at Windsor.

The landing of the body of the duke of Albany at Portsmouth, England, was attended with much pomp and ceremony. The prince of Wales, the Crown Prince Frederick William, of Prussia, Prince Waldeck-Pyrmont, father of the duchess; Prince Christian, the duke of Cambridge, and the marquis of Lorne escorted the body to Windsor where it was received at the station by the queen and the Princesses Christian and Beatrice.

The body was borne to Windsor castle from the railway station upon a gun carriage drawn by eight horses. The prince of Wales and others were on foot.

The dean of Windsor awaited the procession at the entrance to the memorial chapel. The chapel was draped in black, relieved by wreaths of flowers. Conspicuous among these was one from ex-Empress Eugenie. The Seaforth Highlanders placed the coffin in the middle of the chapel. After a short religious service, the royal personages withdrew.

A second funeral service was celebrated later. No one was present except the queen, the duchess of Albany and the dean of Windsor.

THE exports of grain from India for 1883 complete were 34,050,940 bushels, against 24,239,789 in 1882, an increase of 9,811,111 bushels, or 40¼ per cent.

A RIVER HORROR.

Burning of a Southern Steamer. With Loss of Life.

People Aroused from Sleep to Meet Death by Fire or Water.

The steamer Rebecca Everingham was burned on the Chattahoochee river, at Fitzgerald's plantation, a few miles above Florence, Ala., at an early hour and many lives were lost. About 4 o'clock, A. M., the engineer on watch rang an alarm signal to the pilot, who called to the officers on watch and asked if he must go to the shore when he was at once ordered to do so. The pilot signalled the engineer to work for the shore, but got no response. He then headed the boat for the Georgia side, and the momentum she had carried her almost to the banks. The pilot on watch ordered his young son, Frank Lapham, a youth sixteen years old, to jump overboard with a line and swim ashore and make the boat fast to a tree. The boy sprang into the river, struck for the shore, reached it safely and tied the boat up. In the meantime the fire alarm was rung by Pilot George Lapham, and the passengers aroused from their sleep to find the boat in flames. All was confusion and disorder, but the officers of the boat were heroic in the performance of their duty. Nearly all of them were wounded or burnt. The flames wrapped the boat in their fiery embrace and seemed to lick it up.

Those known to be lost are as follows: W. L. Kennedy, Spring Hill, Ala., deputy sheriff of Barbour county; Mrs. Avart, Cuthbert, Ga.; Miss Simpson, Fort Gaines, Ga.; J. B. Yates, Bainbridge; two white men, whose names were unknown; Julia Adams, colored, chambermaid; Dolph Thomas, colored, fireman; Randal Singer and Aaz Stevens, colored, deck hands; Bob Griffin, colored, stevedore, and a colored woman and child, name unknown. Captain G. B. Whiteside was severely burned on the face, head and hands. E. D. Williams, of Lagrange, Ga., was thought to be fatally burned. J. T. Carey, assistant engineer, was painfully burned.

There were 307 bales of cotton aboard the steamer, 216 of which were taken on at Eufaula. She was made fast to the shore by two hawsers, which were finally burnt. She remained tied to the bank about forty-five minutes, when her moorings burned and the wreck floated out in the stream, drifted about one hundred yards, careened and sunk. The fire broke out among the cotton just aft midship. It is not known how it originated. When the boat neared the shore a lady sprang overboard and lodged in a treetop, from which she subsequently fell, and was rescued by Pilot Lapham. This brave officer saved the lives of two others, and assisted Captain Whitesides ashore.

SUMMARY OF CONGRESS.

Senate.

The bill to increase the efficiency of the general land office, giving the commissioners a salary of $5,000, and his assistant $3,000, and increasing the clerical force, was passed....Mr. Morrill's bill providing for the improvement of the coinage was passed....The Blair educational bill was further discussed.

A bill to provide for the creation of a silk culture bureau was introduced by Mr Call....Mr. McPherson introduced a bill to amend the patent laws....The Blair educational bill was discussed at some length. Mr. Pendleton opposed it on constitutional grounds. Mr. Williams spoke in favor of the bill.

Mr. Morgan introduced a bill to establish a bureau of silk culture. Mr. Morgan also presented a petition from the State board of silk culture of California, asking Congress to establis a bureau of silk culture....The Senate passed the House bill, making it a felony for a person falsely and fraudulently to assume or pretend to be an officer or employe of the United States government....Discussion of the Blair educational bill was continued.

Consideration of the Blair educational bill was resumed. Mr Hoar's amendment was adopted providing that the amount to be distributed in the first year be $7,000,000, in the second year $10,000,000, and in the third year $15,000,000, and the appropriation to be then diminished at the rate of $2,000,000 yearly until the expiration of the eighth year, when the appropriation shall cease....Another amendment offered by Mr. Hoar, that equal opportunity of education be given to all children was adopted. Mr. Sherman offered an amendment, which was adopted, providing that the money shall be used only for common schools not sectarian in character. The bill was finally passed by thirty three to eleven. It appropriates $77,000,000 to be distributed among the States in proportion to their illiteracy, on the basis of the census of 1880, the payments to extend over eight years.

House.

Consideration of the Indian appropriation bill was entered upon. The bill calls for $5,547,638, as against $5,500,655 for the current year. Mr. Throckmorton offered an amendment abolishing the five Indian inspectors, and providing that their places shall be taken by army officers detailed for the duty....A message was received from the President recommending an appropriation of $100,000 for the protection of the levees of the lower Mississippi.

A joint resolution was passed authorizing the secretary of war to loan flags and bunting to the mayor of Richmond, Va., to be used at a fair to be held in that city in aid of a home for disabled Confederate soldiers. Mr. Throckmorton's motion to amend the Indian appropriation bill, so as to abolish the five Indian inspectors and have their duties performed by army officers, was carried 91 to 67.

The agricultural appropriation bill, which appropriates $539,510, being an increase of $24,950 over the bill of last year, and a reduction of $81,550 from the estimates. Several amendments were adopted, among them one increasing by $25,000 the appropriation for the distribution of seeds, plants, etc.

Mr. Converse, of Ohio, secured the floor and moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill restoring the duty of 1876 on wool. After the thirty-minute debate allowed by the rules the motion was lost by a vote of 119 yeas to 126 nays....Mr. Springer introduced a resolution looking to preventing the confiscation by the Italian government of the property of the American college in Rome....A bill was introduced by Mr. Lovering granting a pension of $7 a month to all United States soldiers and sailors who served sixty days during the late war.....The House adopted a resolution declaring it unwise for the present Congress to abolish or reduce the tax on spirits distilled from grain.

ODD SUICIDES.

DAVID S. RAWLINS, of Philadelphia, killed himself by beating his head with a stone.

MISS MARY THOMPSON, of South Abingdon, Mass., hung herself because she was suffering from neuralgia.

AFTER bequeathing her body to the doctors, Eliza Fitzpatrick, of Sandusky, cut her throat with a handsaw.

BENJAMIN BUCKWALTER, of Lancaster, Penn., hung himself because he imagined he had wronged the Mennonite church, of which he was a member.

HAVING had poor crops for several years and lost considerable stock, James Vanvire, of Atlanta, became discouraged and killed himself with a shotgun.

AFTER having married three husbands, Mrs. David Dutcher, of Sullivan county, N. Y., killed herself because, as she said, none of them came up to her expectations.

ALFRED CHADWICK yoked his wife to a plow with a steer, for which Judge Jennison, of Detroit, gave her a divorce. He insisted that he only followed the general usage among the market gardeners of western Canada.

MISSOURI'S real estate is valued at $592,489,388; her personal property, $187,338,060.